

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse cloufy,
And to become the gecke and scorne o'th'others vilany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell bravely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, & *Tenants* right, with Honor to maintaine.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:

Then *Iupiter*, King of Gods, why hast thou thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (*Iupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (*Iupiter*) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

*Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.*

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes

Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.

Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my giust
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thrue, his Trials well are spent:

Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady *Inogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And so away: no farther with your dinne
Expreffe Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thankes *Iupiter*.

Sic. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Rooffe: Away, and to be blest

Let vs with care performe his great behest. *Vanish*

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake, Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,

Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,

And yet are sleep'd in Favours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reades.

*When as a Lyons whelpes, shall to himselfe unknown, without
seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lop't branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenti-
tie.*

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,

Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,

The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more

Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of

meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: so that
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed

too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Braine the
heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being

drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes

vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-

charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feels not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a

Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change
places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not

which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not
seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by

some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: for iump the

after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer retorne

to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and

will not vse them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I

am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts
for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be-
get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my

Conscience, there are verier Knaves desir'd to liue, for all
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye

against their willes; so shold I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and the minde good: O there

were defolation of Gaolers and Gallowes: I speake, a-
gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment

in't. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellaritis, Guiderius, Aru-
ragus, Pisanio, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,

That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, haue d' gilded Armes, whose naked brest

Stepp'd before Targes of prooffe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him; if

Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;

Such precious deeds, in one that promist naught
But beggery, and poore looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pis. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my griefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde

To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time

To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria we were borne, and Gentlemen:

Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,

And not o'th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To sowre your happinesse, I must report

The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physician
Would this report become? But I consider,

By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yer death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded

Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women

Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Cor. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:

Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your pe

Cym. She alon

And but she spok

Beleeue her lips in

Corn. Your da

With such integri

Was as a Scorpion

(But that her sligh

Tane off by poyle

Cym. O most

Who is't can read

Corn. More Sir

For you a mortall

Should by the min

By inches waste y

By watching, wee

Orecome you wit

(When she had fi

Her Sonne into th

But sayling of her

Grew shamelesse o

Of Heauen and M

The euils she hatch

Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard yo

La. We did, se

Cym. Mine ey

Wee not in fault,

Mine eares that he

That thought her

To haue mistrust

That it was folly in

And proue it in thy

Enter Lucius,

Leon.

Thou comm'st not

The Britaine haue

Of many a hold on

That their good se

Of you their Capti

So thinke of your

Luc. Consider

Was yours by acc

We should not wh

Our Prisoners wit